

PS 2169

.K4 A5

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ALL'S WELL
HOMeward



All's Well

BY

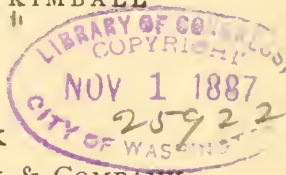
HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL

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WITH loving-kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet ;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake ;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

Q. 111. P. 3. 2nd ed. 1871. 1905.

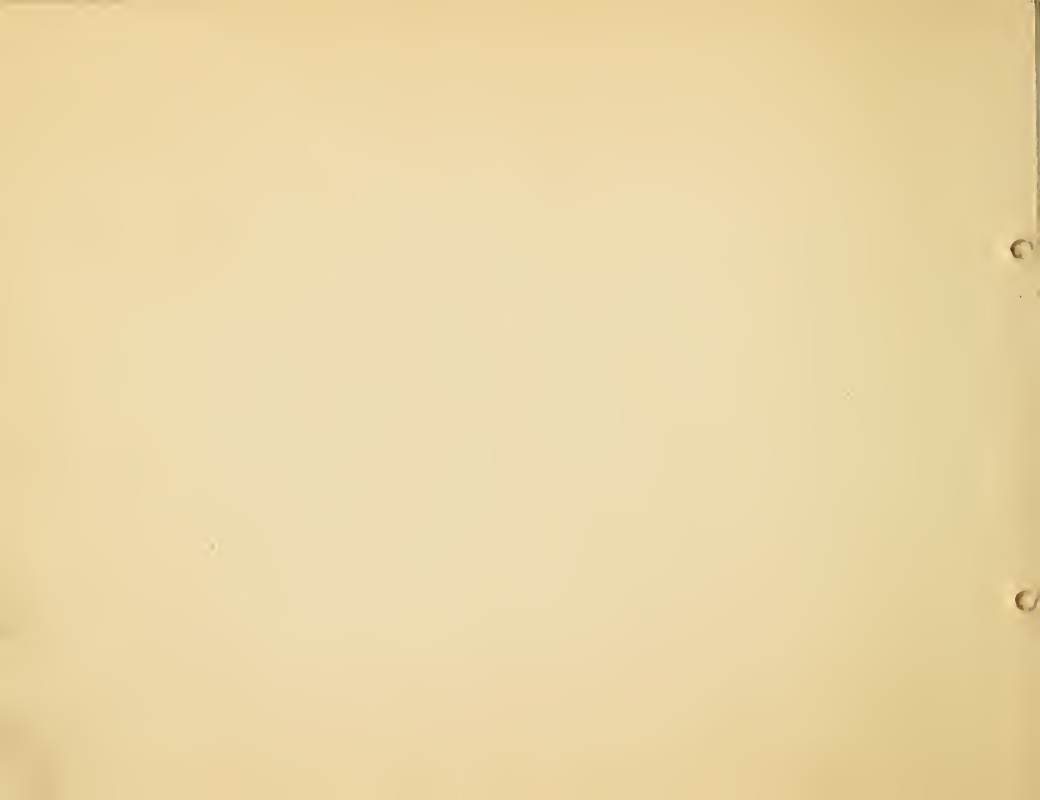
All's Well.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine:
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.



HOMeward.

H. M



HOMEWARD the swift-winged sea-gull takes her
flight;

The ebbing tide breaks softer in the sand;
The red-sailed boats draw shoreward for the night,
The shadows deepen over sea and land.
Be still, my soul, thine hour shall also come;
Behold, one evening, God shall lead thee home.

THE day dies slowly in the western sky,
The sunset splendor fades, and wan and cold
The far peaks wait the sunrise ; cheerily
The goatherd calls his wanderers to the fold.
My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
Take comfort ; evening bringeth all things home.

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